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THE

SPEECH

OF

Sr. George Pudſey Kt.

At the Time of his being Sworn.

RECORDER

OF THE

City of Oxford

IN

The Council-Chamber of the ſame City, on Tueſday the Eighth day of *January* $168\frac{3}{4}$. where they agreed to the Sealing the Inſtrument ſent by his Majeſty.

Order'd by Act of Council, that Sir GEORGE PUDSEY Knt. *be Deſir'd, to Print his Speech.*

BAKER.

OXON

Printed for *Anthony Stephens* Bookſeller near the *Theater*, 1684.

G.A. Oxon 4° 6 (6)

Sr George Pudsyes son has
drawen a polle in Stowe
wood by Eeffeld where
there are kunkartes stull
of Carpes taken oute
yesterdaye and more to
daye and to morro the
Polle beinge to be destroied

The Speech of Sir George Pudſey *Knight, at the Time of his being Sworn* Recorder, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

FOrtune has at laſt gratified me in that earneſt Deſire I have always had to ſerve You; And tho I deſpair of making due Acknowledgments, yet you may believe, that I am very ſenſible of the Favour you have done me, in ſo unanimouſly chuſing me to be your Servant; for ſuch a one your Recorder is: 'tis a place of Honour, and of Truſt, and if I diſcharge it not as I ought, or at leaſt as I am able, I am the worſt of Men: I value my ſelf much upon it, but more upon your Friendſhip. Perhaps few Recorders for many ages have been ſo freely Elected. Therefore Gratitude as well as Oath obliges me to be faithful to you, Intereſt alſo, (a mighty Motive) prompts me to the ſame. I am your Neighbour as well as fellow Citizen. The little Fortune that I have lies near you, if *Oxford* flouriſh, *Elsfield* will not fare the worſe. Gentlemen, I hope you'l have a favourable opinion of him you have made yours. 'Its no inconſiderable diſadvantage to ſucceed a man of ſuch great abilities as your laſt Recorder was: A Perſon who liv'd long amongſt you, and knew the ſecrets of your Corporation; yet this I vow, I'le pray the aid of all the Inns of Court rather then you ſhall ſuffer; And indeed why ſhould you in any thing? Have you not opportunities enough to be happy? Does not the Great and Good Earl of *Abingdon* offer his aſſiſtance, ready at all times upon his knee to begg his Majeſties Favour in your behalf? When he appears, Make room for *Oxford*, cries the Guards, the Town is Loyal grown; when at another time (if I may ſpeak it) A modeſt *Oxford* man dare hardly peep in Court. Why then don't we by his vaſt Intereſt let in the Beames of Majeſty upon us? Who can live without the Sun? Have we not a famous Univerſity for our Example? Let her great Loyalty (if it be poſſible) be out done by us. Can we be poiſon'd at the Fountain head? Where is Learning, Piety, and Obedience practis'd, if not in this our Engliſh *Athens*? Who ſo ignorant that does not know how eminent this Place has been for Loialty? How proud it was when *Charles* the firſt, that Glorious King,

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ſhut himſelf up within our walls? Did not our Citizens follow *Bellona's* Call, to defend his Sacred Perſon from Rebels fury? Was not this the Seat of warr? With what bravery and gallantry did this City aſſert its Monarch's Right? Surely the ſtock of Loyalty is not worn out. How many are there in this place now that liv'd in thoſe days, and play'd the Souldiers part, therefore I'le not think there's an ill man amongſt us, however it happens that for ſome miſcariages of ours we ſtand not right in *Cæſars* favour. We promiſe largely, perform poorly, and that with grudging too. The widow's mite, what was it? yet being all, and freely given, had the largeſt thanks. Gentlemen, let me adviſe you to redeem your ſelves again: His Majeſty, whom the Law ſtiles Head of the Kingdom, Father of the Country, Maſter of the whole family of the Nation, Cheif Juſtice of all *England*, and a kind of petty God on earth, who for the excellency of his Perſon, by way of reſemblance, has Divine Attributes, as Immortality, for as King he never dies, Soveraignty, Majeſty, Power, Verity, Juſtice, and the like: He is merciful, of a God-like temper, as ready to forgive as we to aſk: let us think nothing but good of him and his Government; for fears and jealouſies have been of fatal conſequence to this Nation, and ſtill are the greateſt enemies to the peace and tranquility of it. Sometimes they cry Popery is a breaking in upon us, when God knows (as it is lately prov'd) the eight hundredth man is not Papiſt, unleſs all are ſuch that are not Diſſenters from the Church, for ſo indeed they call us. Did not his Majeſty for ſeveral years live in Popiſh ſoil, yet came over to us as well in Heart as Title, *Defender of the Faith.* His Royal Highneſs, Great *Brittans Mars*, its Heir, and Glory, has upon all occaſions expreſt himſelf highly in favour of our Church, has ſettled the Proteſtant Religion upon ſuch ſure foundations in *Scotland*, that it's not to be ſhaken. Are not his Daughters, (after him the preſent Heirs to the Imperial Crown,) Proteſtants, and married two ſuch Princes, on deſign purely for to ſecure our Religion, when *France* it ſelf courted that alliance for its Heir? Are not the Lords of the Romiſh Faith excluded the Houſe of Peers? the Laws ſtrictly put in execution againſt the Papiſts? Beſides, what alteration can there be in Church

or

or State, without a National consent? If these are signes of Popery then indeed we are in danger. What think ye Gentlemen? You are men of reason, live among the Muses, where Learning is at the Hight; Though I must confess if a Papist must not breath Common Air, or tread his Native Earth because he is so, 'tis hard. Who does not think his own opinion best? Sometimes again, how does the fears of Arbitrary Power, of loss of Liberty and Property call Crowds together to consult, who shake the Head, look down, cry we are lost, sad times are coming? when that's the only way to have them come, for if a People grow Rebell-ripe, why should not we believe that Kings who set at stern, that pick and cull the Nation for the wisest Heads, should not endeavour to preserve their Empire, and Dominion, as well as we quit shops and stalls and fly to Coffee-Houses to examine every Letter, to see how things are like to goe with us. Gentlemen, be not seduc'd by men of Seditious Spirits; The first sin of Men and Angels was Rebellion, Heaven and Paradise were lost by it, beleive it is the Kings Intereſt, as well as Royal Inclination to Preserve us in our Rights and Liberties; For take away Property, and industry is quickly at an end: Where is the Crowns safety then? The empty Travailer laughs at the Thief; who values his Countries defence that hath nothing in it which he can call his own? In some of the Eastern Parts, (the Garden of the World by Nature) a man may Ride some scores of Miles, and scarcely see a Hut; because no man has any thing but at the Princes will; With us the Prosperity of the People is the Monarchs joy: He alwaies esteems himself Rich if they are so.

Gentlemen, I am not altogether a stranger to History, can give a reasonable account of most Countries, amongst which *England* has not an equal. Let us see how matters stood with the Jews in Righteous *David's* days? Thou and *Ziba* divide the Land was *David's* judgment: against his Masters Son before his offence was prov'd. A Semeter or a Bow-string leaves breathless in a minute the greatest subject in three parts of the world, without a Judge and Jury. In our Neighbouring Countries, Racks and Wheeles are thought gentle easy waies to find out truth. The *French* Kings sword is his subjects Charter, The *Spanish* Inquisition

this worlds Hell. In *Holland* it ſelf, that fam'd Commonwealth, a Herring is Excis'd nine times before it's eat, yet in theſe places all huſh, and ſtill: No Plots to murder Kings, or Magiſtrates. Gentlemen, you muſt pardon me, if I tell ye, that many times the too great indulgence of a Prince brings ſpeedy ruin to a Nation. *Plutarch* in the life of *Lycurgus* gives us a Relation of one *Eurytion* a *Spartan* King, who took a courſe never practis'd by his wiſe Predeceſſors, which was to cajole his own Subjects by ſlacking the Reins of the Royal Authority; but ſee what follow'd, inſtead of gaining upon them, they grew ſo inſolent that at laſt they brought the Government into contempt, and ſoon after the whole Kingdom into Anarchy and confuſion, and were never ſatisfied, till one of their beſt Princes was barbarouſly murder'd in the ſtreets by the Rabble, as he was appeaſing a Tumult; How near a paralel is this to his late Majeſty who I'le boldly ſay has done more, except the Preſent King, to endear the ſubject then all the Kings from the Norman to this time beſides; but what come on't? That's a Melancholly conſideration. Mercy and Goodneſs in Princes are too often miſtaken, and call'd neceſſity and eaſineſs of Nature: An yeilding King ſhall alwaies find a craving Subject. We are like the Iſraelites never ſatisfi'd, deſire to return back into Egypt into our old Bondage. I have heard, that in the late Rebellion, a Captain and his Company has made *London* that haughty Miſtris of our Iſle, whom we ſo much delight to imitate, all in teares, her Citizens Crouching like Spaniels at the frown of a Traytor, when at the ſame time they bid defiance to their King.

Are not we turn'd Mad-men, and the Devil fool, His invention is loſt. Muſt a Nation be deſtroy'd, 'twice in halfe an age by the very ſame methods; A juglers tricks if ſhown more then once or twice becomes Childrens ſport. Popery was the Topick amongſt the zealous e're ſince I remember, and is now the only idol that ſupports the Brethrens cauſe: if the word were but forgotten they were Dumb, its the holding twig. Who would not have ſworn three years ſince that the Popes Bull was not broaken in among us: no Popery no Papiſt were the *Oxford* Cryes when, on my conſcience the promoters of the Noiſe are nearer that perſwaſion

then

then my ſelf; the man they aim'd at. Do they not ſay that Kings are the peoples Creatures, made by them, and when the Spirit moves may be lay'd aſide again. Our Church abhors ſuch Doctrine, lets hold to that. *Julian* that cuning arch Enemy of our Religion encourag'd all Opinions and Sects amongſt the Chriſtians that tended to the rooting out of our Faith. For ſhame let's grow wiſer, we are in ſafety (if there be ſuch a thing on this ſide Heaven:) Let the moſt factious fellow of e'm all tell me what's not done to ſecure the ſubject? He is fenc'd in on every ſide, the Star Chamber, Court of Wards, High Commiſſion Court, and every thing which the people had the leaſt colour to call greiveous, are willingly laid aſide. What a noiſe has quartering of Souldiers made? How are the Law-Books fil'd with Caſes of impriſonments. To eaſe us of theſe fears too, there's not a Souldier looks into a private houſe, or enters any Inn, but as a Traveller: the Landlord makes the Bill: what Offender is not bail'd out of Priſon in ſuch a time, if not proſecuted, though Treaſon threw him in? If ſuch acts of Grace as theſe will not give us grateful ſouls, or at leaſt keep us in quiet, nothing but a rod of iron will. Will there be no peace till *Shebah's* head is thrown over the wall. Gentlemen, I could waſt a day upon this ſubject, and challenge all the world to ſhew me ſuch another Government; therefore if theſe be ſigns of Arbitrary Power, of loſs of Liberty and Property, ſpeak, Gentlemen, be not ſilent. Good men will be convinc'd by reaſon, and bleſs their Maker for their happineſs; Ill men muſt be watch'd by thoſe that are in Power. He that grumbles at this Government, with *Lucifer* would quarrel Heaven, therefore with him deſerves his puniſhment. But ſuppoſe the worſt, that our fears were true, that Religion and Allegiance did no ways oblige us, that his Majeſty had as many vices as he has vertues, would Rebellion mend the matter? No, that a Nation's Ruin is ready to atteſt. Has not that happen'd to us and much more, which fooliſh *Rehoboam* threatned the ten Tribes with, that his little finger ſhould be heavier upon them than his Father's Loyns, that if his Father whip'd them with rods, he would beat them with Scorpions. Gentlemen, a civil war is like a gaming houſe, where none gets at laſt but the

Box-keeper. Not long after his Majeſties return I was at ſuch a place at a time when a great Lord had loſt no little ſum, to chear his Heart, he call's for a glaſs of Wine, and drinks a health to him that had gain'd by play; amongſt fifty Gentlemen there was not one would lay any title to it, at laſt in comes a little creeping fellow, and claims the health, proteſting that he had never brought into the houſe more then half a Crown at any one time, ſeldome ſo much, yet by his cunning and advantages had heap'd up many a hundred pounds; ſo in a Civil Warr the beggar mounts a horſeback, and all above him goes a foot, Coblers and Tinkers turn Lords, and Lords turn nothing. If Rebellion has ſucceſs, which to the diſcouragement of all Treaſon (it has had but once this ſix hundred years in *England*) to change it's Government, yet the leading Rebels very rarely dye in peace. If the Prince be victorious, which certainly he is, unleſs when the Almighty intends to call the Nation to a reckoning for her ſins, then the People are at mercy. Which of us would willingly call an Equal or an Inferiour, Lord? Where were our *Engliſh* Liberty then? Therefore ſince all cannot be Kings, let's be obedient to him that is the beſt of Kings, think Loialty our greateſt intereſt as well as Duty. Gentlemen, conſider, we have watchful eyes over us: Eſteem not them good Citizens who adviſe us to wraſtle too much with Majeſty, for we ſhall have the fall. Why then all ſay with me, Long live the King, we'le grant him any thing that he will have, becauſe we are ſufficiently aſſur'd, he will ask nothing but what we may freely, and ſafely give.